

Social Distortion

Rotersand

Won't you soothe my ardent hunger?
My flesh is longing to be relieved by your skillfull touch
Come on my friend, it is time to receive
What you've been fantasizing about in your most feverish dreams
Hurry now and taste the scent of my heat
Blended with the the fiery steam of your desire
Let our bodies immerse in my boundless realm of passion and joy
Soon you will cast aside your wimpy objections
And release the bonds that keep you tied to your moral crutches
What are you waiting for? there won't be a second chance
No power in the world can replenish the loss of a chance that's
been missed

My mind - so shy
My throat - so dry
My tempts prolong
My pride - so strong
My will - so weak
My lips can't speak